

In Four Reels

By R. Throgmorton De Lacey.

Reel I.

IN the expensive saffron-colored room of her three-room kitchenette apartment, beautiful Sucha Babbler, young wife of O. Watta Babbler, millionaire scene shifter at the Burlesque Theater, is manhandling her pet goldfish. Sucha, a sweet girl with a lip, weeps bitter tears. A title sets the audience right: "Only sixteen and yet a neglected wife!"

A maid, easily identified as such by her short point d'esprit apron, enters, gazes at the weeping Sucha, shakes her head mournfully, and says: Spoken Title—"Master has just telephoned he will not be home for dinner."

Sucha, too proud to show her grief before the help, dabs her eyes hastily and exits to the dining room. She seats herself at one end of a twelve-foot table. A solid-gold-haired little girl sits at the other end. Title—"Sucha's twelve-year-old daughter, Merry, her only recompense for a life of loneliness."

A butler faultlessly served oatmeal and cocktails. Fadeout.

Reel II.

The Clamorous Clam Cabaret. At a table nearest the camera are O. Watta Babbler and a woman. Babbler, a trim man (he used to be a card sharp) is opening the champagne, so we know the woman is not his wife. On the other hand, the striking blonde is Wildcat Winnie, champion female boxer of the world. A diamond championship belt adorns her waist and emerald earrings shaped like boxing gloves swing from her cauliflower ears.

She cannot be all bad, for she slips a sardine into a glass of water to give the poor creature a chance for the sake of his wife and babies. The jazz band starts in, so we will simply have to fade out.

Reel III.

In the conservatory of the Babbler mansion at midnight, Sucha, on a chaise longue, which she insists on calling a chaise longue, is being entertained by a poet with a flock of hair, a Windsor tie and unpolished boots. The fierce light in his eyes proves he is madly in love with Sucha. That he has made some impression on the child-wife is certain from the fact that she is smoking a cigarette. Pattiing her on the hand, the poet says: Spoken Title: "Let us elope while you still have a bank account." Fade-out.

Reel IV.

At the door of the cabaret Babbler and Winnie unexpectedly meet Merry Babbler. She motions that something is wrong at home. The three pile into a black and blue taxicab and are off.

They dash into the Babbler conservatory just as Sucha is about to climb down the elope-ment ladder. Babbler throws a grand piano out of the window, scaring the poet away, and Winnie battles with Sucha. Winnie is winning when Merry Babbler, an accomplished child, chokes her into insensibility.

Babbler, hugging his wife and child, says: Spoken Title: "We were drifting apart when a childish heart lighted the way."

Winnie, regaining consciousness, understands and slinks away with defeat written in large type in her eyes. The orchestra plays "Hearts and Flowers," and the spellbound audience again gives its attention to its chewing gum.

Love Is Blind

THEY were seated on a little rustic bench. The moon shone through the trees. All at once the girl timidly said: "Jack, dear, I can't understand why you lavish all your affections on me above all other girls in the world. Why is it?"

"Hanged if I know," he replied, "and all the other fellows down at the house say that they can't make it out, either."—Denison Flamingo.

A Cat-astrophe.

The cat that nightly haunts my gate,
How heartily I hate her!
Some night she'll come and mew till late
And then I'll mew-ti-later.

An Attractive Gown.

Mrs.—That evening gown she's wearing comes from Paris. It cost a small fortune.

Mr.—Then, dear, she most certainly paid for quality and not quantity.

Yes, Yes.

"Higher Up Bootleggers Are Sought."—Headline. (Washington Times).

Evidently the services of the New York air police are required.

US BOYS

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

EVERY KID IN OUR WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD IS UP AT VAN'S BIG PARTY TO-DAY. WE WERE ON OUR WAY UP THERE TO SEE HOW THINGS WERE GOING ON WHEN WE HAPPENED ACROSS THIS STRANGE KID STROLLING ALONG

LOOK, HE'S GOT A TRICK HAT MADE OF PAPER AND A BALLOON.



PROBABLY CAME AROUND JUST TO SHOW OFF



WE FOUND OUT THAT HIS NAME IS EDDIE AND THAT HIS FATHER WENT AWAY A LONG TIME AGO AND NEVER CAME BACK. HE SAID HE ASKED SANTA CLAUS FOR A ROCKING HORSE, BUT ALL HE GOT WAS THE HAT AND BALLOON



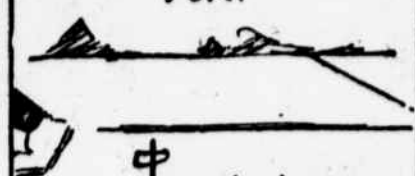
HE BLEW UP THE BALLOON TO SHOW US HOW IT WORKED.



DARN IT, WE GOT NERVOUS AS THE DICKENS!



WE THOUGHT EVERY SECOND THAT HE'D BUST HIS BALLOON AND CRY.—WE HATE TO HEAR A KID CRY ON XMAS DAY, DON'T YOU?—HOPE IT DOESN'T RAIN AND SPOIL HIS PAPER HAT. WELL, MERRY CHRISTMAS—WE'RE OFF TO VAN'S HOUSE TO SEE THE FUN.



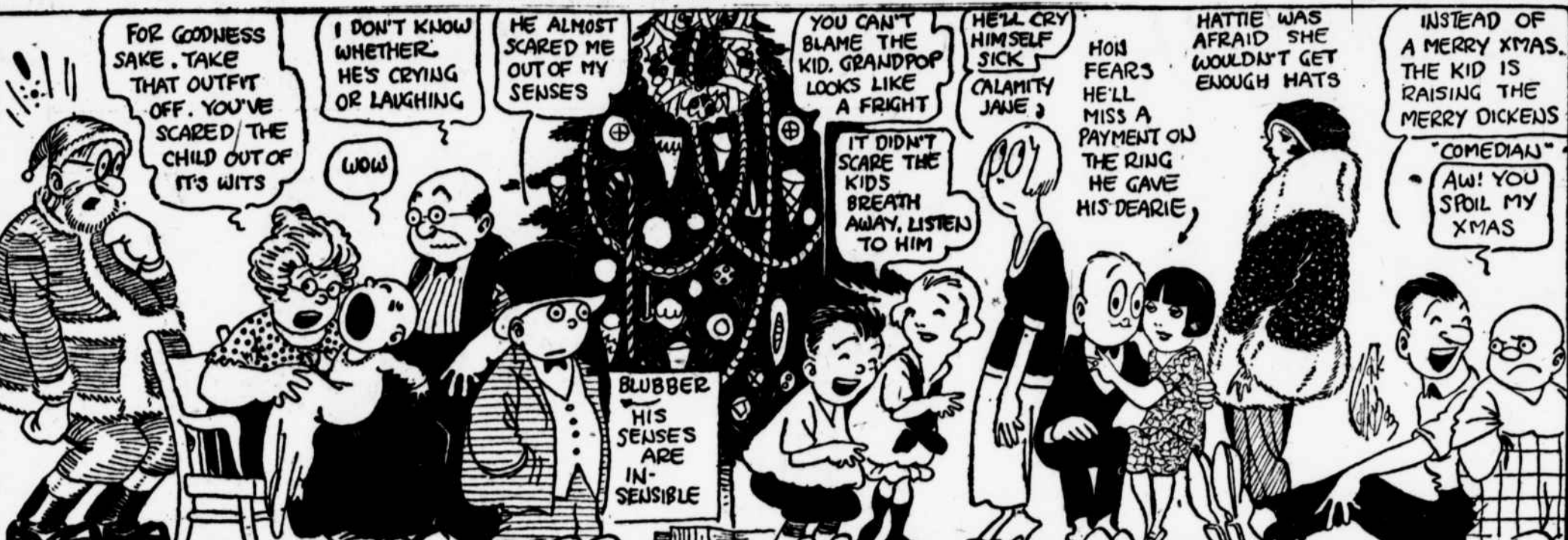
Merry Xmas

By Jack Callahan

THE PIFFLE FAMILY

INSTEAD OF POP AND GRANDPOP NOT GIVING XMAS GIFTS, THEY WERE VERY GENEROUS—ALTHOUGH GRAND-POP'S IMITATION OF SANTA, HAD AN AWFUL EFFECT ON THE BABY.

Merry Xmas



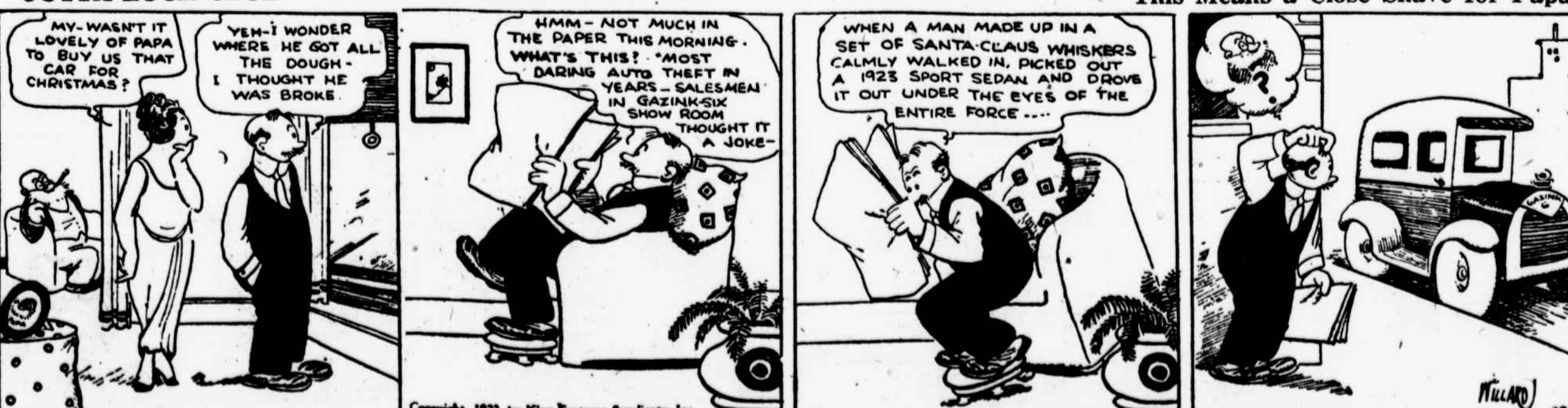
POLLY AND HER PALS



JERRY ON THE JOB



OUTTA LUCK CLUB



All Around Town

By Dave Sentner.

NED BOTTOM, the merry undertaker, boasts that he never had an argument with a customer yet.

Bill Knobs, the steady theater goer, says that aisle seats should be sold only to traffic policemen.

Professor Hickory Hoople is organizing a society to buy spectacles for potatoes with weak eyes.

Stella, the sterling stenographer, says that her boss is so afraid she'll leave her job that he seldom lets go of her hand.

Pete Push, the subway commuter, states that he never fails to find a seat in the subway, only there's always someone in it.

Hen Hash is getting a reputation for being a dilettante. He rolls his dice from a cocktail shaker.

Mr. Potts, M. V. (married veteran) says that he doesn't mind being married, it's just his wife that worries him.

Pop Bulbus, the well-known hooch trainer, was accused by prohibition officials of concealing liquor. He admitted the charge but said that if they wanted evidence they'd have to use an X-ray.

Sammy Slub, the blind millionaire beggar, always calls the attention of any client to a Canadian dime.

Johnny Brighteyes tells of a terrible mistake he made. He followed a girl walking up his street and found out it was his wife.

PARDON, BUT—

By Arthur Neale.

LACK of heat is making many a tenant's blood boil.

"The Athens of the New World" was what Clemenceau called Boston. Yes, there are rather a lot of fruit stands there.

Some of these modern barber shops ought to be called male beauty parlors.

The well-dressed woman today is well dressed indeed! Right down to the sidewalk.

One way foreign visitors give us the polite raz is to say that American air is just like champagne.

Whatever you do, keep it quiet that you're a philosopher. Otherwise you'll be expected to stand just a little too much.

Some of these skirts make the girls look as if they were engaged in a sack race.

From the way they seat the chauffeur out front in the cold on some of these foreign cars it can be seen that democracy has made little progress in Europe.

The next thing you know the reformers will want all pants made without any hip pockets.

The visitor has only to glance at the beautiful shades in taxicabs to see that New York is an artistic city.

NEWS LAFFS

By F. McNeill.

MAN who owns prehistoric tooth refused offer of \$2,000 in oil stock for it. Must have held out for \$150 in cash.

French professor says octopus is very timid creature—rather affectionate, we'd say. Once he winds his loving arms around you, he will hug you to death.

Cincinnati pastor quits pulpit to be chiropractor. He will no doubt enter into his new task with much feeling.

Natives in wilds of Brazil are said to have a secret drink which gives them courage before a battle. That's no secret. We have the same thing in New York for fifty cents.

An Utter Impossibility.

These high-priced, modernized studios are driving the struggling New York artists to seek other and more humble quarters. But, after all, how could the creation of masterpieces be expected in an attic reached by an elevator instead of a rickety stairway.

We'll Say!

By this time the public are no doubt willing to admit that the real business needing a dictator was coal-mining.